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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

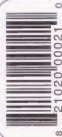
FRENCH KISS

CO

#21

100
PAGES!
52 IN FULL
COLOR!

SEX SURFING FUN



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Editorial

Back in the old days, a few years ago or less, before the rise of the Internet, most girls would look at you funny if you asked them to participate in a nude photo session. Even if you weren't talking about photos of fucking, but only posed shots, starting from them undressing in front of the lens with their legs closed, then spreading their thighs all the way, up to hardcore shots. But man, they would look at you funny. If the chick was shy or very religious, she would dismiss the proposition without a second thought. Those were the girls who went on to have fantasies about getting raped, the ones who wanted to be tied up, the ones who were most inclined to break out the sex toys. The horniest ones, we'll say. And if it wasn't one thing, it was another, although the photo session, in the end, always happened. You'd have to tell the highfalutin ones about their unusual beauty and say you wanted to photograph them in black and white. Because they were so dumb, they thought that was a sign of creativity or something. They'd think it was art and they'd say yes. These girls wound up getting hardcore as well, but it took longer; you'd have to spend more time taking photos of their faces. Then there were the girls who wanted to be actresses, or the lusher, who would pull out their tits at the sight of a camera. But those girls never held much interest. Guys are like that...

The picturials became part of a collection, more or less cute and more or less irregular, that you'd look at once in a while to remember aromas, tastes and personalities. And you might beat off to them sometimes, to that brunette with tiny tits who sucked you off in the hallways or to that other girl, the bottle blond, who wound up sticking a beer bottle in herself on the couch at your parents' house. Later, if you brought it up with a bitchy girlfriend, she might make you rip up that little bunch of memories, and beating off to them would be over. But that isn't what's going on with me; I'd never let that happen.

Today cameras are as so much a part of our daily lives we don't even notice them. Now you don't need a great lens for girls to get

naked; they don't need explanations any more. Surfing the web means accumulating dozens, hundreds of thousands of anonymous and amateur photos on your hard drive, and maybe because of that, because it's all so common and barely even clandestine, it's lost part of its charm.

What does that have to do with the comics in this issue? Nothing. Nothing at all. Comics have never had anything to do with reality; comics are always better than reality. Comics have always had their own animalistic power. The girls in the comics are all made up; you should know that. Have a look at this new edition of French Kiss...

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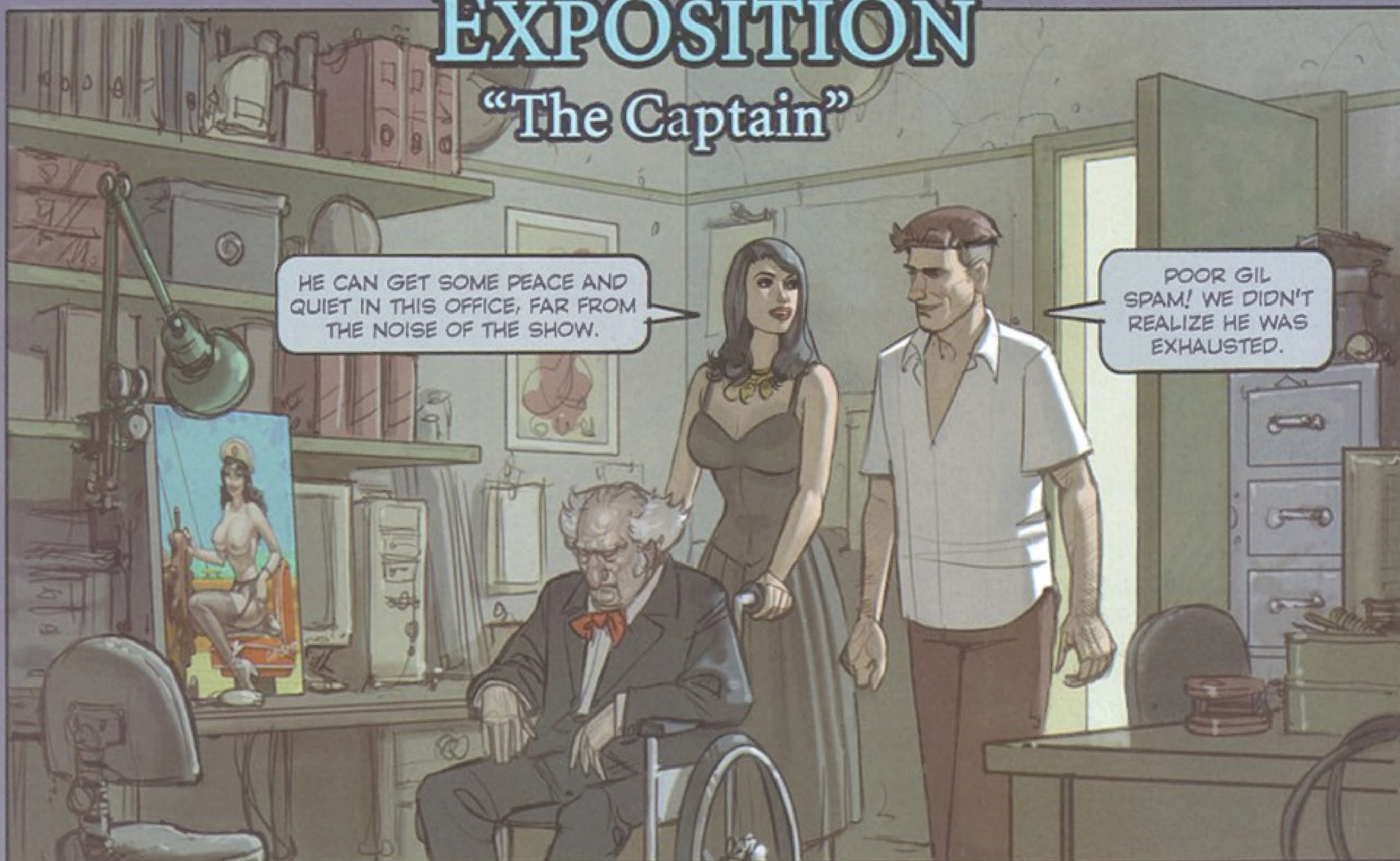
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EXPOSITION

"The Captain"



OH, MARTIN! WE FORGOT TO HANG THE PAINTING THAT GOT CLEANED! LET'S GO GET IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THE VARNISH MUST'VE DRIED BY NOW.

PLEASE HELP ME PUT THE FRAME ON.

YEAH, SURE.



WELL, IT LOOKS READY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



IT TURNED OUT GREAT! WE'RE DONE!



WHAT? WE JUST GOT STARTED!

MARTIN... NO... THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME.



BUT... WE HAVE TO HANG THE PAINTING...



IT'S THAT...



AH...



YES,
MARTIN!

Chup!

Ahh!

Ahh!

**Chom!
Smak!
Chom!**

**Lam!
Lam!**

**Chup!
Chom!
Chup!**

Lam! Lam!

**Flop!
Flap!
Flop!**

AHHH!



Flop! Flap! Flop!

Ah!
Ah!
Ah!

Hund!

AHHH!

Flop!
Flap!
Flop!

Flap!
Flap!

Splosh!

Oh!

Mmmh!





LOOK WHAT
I PAINTED,
MOM. YOU
LIKE IT?



DO YOU
LIKE IT,
MOM?



MOM, YOU
LIKE IT?



LIKE IT,
MOM?



...MOM...
HUH?
WHAT...?



SHIT, I WET MYSELF AGAIN!



WHERE AM I?



NO ONE'S AROUND?
THEY'RE ALL A BUNCH
OF BASTARDS!

THE END

NINA HARTLEY

A HOT HOMAGE TO THE LEGEND OF AMERICAN PORN



“The scenes where I put on a strap-on and savagely fuck another girl get me really horny. They totally get me off.”

It's an inarguable fact: Nina Hartley is one of the biggest stars in the history of adult cinema. She's been in action since the mid-80s, she's made more than 100 XXX films, she's worked for masters like Gerard Damiano and Henri Pachard and she's shared a bed and sweat with superstars like Ginger Lynn, Traci Lords and John Holmes.

Openly bisexual, a defender and activist for freedom and sexual liberty, Nina continues in action and sets a good example for young starlets who want to find their niche in the hardcore business. With more than 45 years resting on her beautiful breasts and gorgeous, firm ass, the veteran Nina Hartley continues her round-the-world tour of strip shows. Make sure you catch her if she stops by your favorite club. You'll never regret it, for sure.

NINA CONFIDENTIAL

Date and place of birth: March 11, 1959, in Berkeley, California.
Pseudonyms: Anal Annie, Nina Hartman and Nina Hartwell.

Lost her virginity: A little late for a porn star, at eighteen years of age.

Debut in XXX movies: In a little 80s classic, *Educating Nina* (1984).

Her favorite porn actors: Marc Wallace, Herschell Savage, Valentino, Backey Jacqy and Buck Adams.

Her favorite porn actresses: Ashlyn Gere, Alice Springs, Jeanna Fine, Sunset Thomas and Selena Steele.

Not very religious: “Religion never had an effect on me. I’m agnostic, my parents are Buddhists, my little brothers are orthodox Jews and my older brother was a Scientologist. That’s too much!”

California mon amour: “I was born in California in the 60s. That was a paradise of partner-swapping, marijuana and free love.”

NAKED AND VERY HAPPY

When Nina debuted, the porn industry was very different than it is today. The movies had fun plots, the actors knew how to act in addition to fucking and there wasn't such an out of control production: they made fewer films, but they were a lot better. Plus, the sex wasn't as brutal and the girls enjoyed it more. And you can see that and much more in her first movies. And if you don't know those, here are some examples: *Play Me Again Vanessa* (1986), *Barbara the Barbarian* (1987) and *Ginger Snaps* (1987). Pure sex and fun.

PORN JUST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Well, friends, they don't make porn like that anymore. In the mid 80s, Nina had roles in XXX movies that are classics. From *The Grafenberg Spot* (1985) by the legendary Mitchell brothers, *Battle of the Stars* (1985)





to, of course, the brilliant *Ten Little Maidens* (1985). In then, this goddess of free love goes face to face with actors and actresses that made American porn great and deserve our highest respect. Please, write these in gold letters: Ginger Lynn, Harry Reems, Annette Haven, John Colmes, Traci Lords, Amber Lynn, Rick Savage, Christy Canyon, Peter North, Steve Drake, Mai Lin and Mike Horner... to cite just a few of those glorious names.

MOVIES TO GET YOU HOT

But this hot siren doesn't just live in the 80s. In the 90s she made many more gems of hardcore celluloid. From parodies such as *The Erotic Adventures of the Three Musketeers* (1992) or *The Backdoor Bradys* (1995) to the classy gonzo movies *Seymour Butts: In the Love Shack* (1992) and *Buttman's European Vacation 3* (1995)... or the prestigious *Showgirls en Madrid* (1996), directed by the Luis Buñuel of Spanish porn: José María Ponce.

**"I go crazy when
I suck on a
woman's pussy
while a man has
his cock in her.
I love three-ways."**

A NURSE FOR EVERYONE

Nonetheless, Nina Hartley's best roles (or at least the sexiest) were those where she played a nurse uniformed in a short skirt and low neckline. Above all, after she got implants in 1989. Two examples: *Stripper Nurses* (1994) and *Night Nurses* (1996). Maybe those white uniforms fit her so well because in real life she was actually a nurse... or maybe it's because, as she herself says, "The scenes where I put on a strap-on and savagely fuck another girl get me really horny. They totally get me off." I think the boys love it even more... right, pals?

A RADIANT STAR

Nina is a collector of prizes. She's got more than Julia Roberts. Since 1987 she hasn't stopped taking them home. She won an *Adult Video News* award for *Ten Little Maidens*, and one from the X-Rated Critics Organization (1989), the European festival in Cannes, the Erotic Festival in Barcelona, and the most highly appreciated - the ones from the Fans of X-Rated Entertainment for several consecutive years. But her favorite reward, much more than the awards, was working under the direction of Paul Thomas Anderson in *Boogie Nights* (1997), that magnificent Hollywood movie that creates a portrait of the evolution of the porn industry in the 70s and 80s.

AIDS?... NO, THANKS

During these past few years, the lewd nymph from Berkeley has stood out for raising awareness about the dangers of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. Nina says: "Young Americans don't know anything about sex. To me it's really important to educate and destroy the stupid taboos that surround sexuality. I love condoms. You always have to use them. They get shy about it when they don't think about them as something natural, something that's part of the game of love. Using a condom is fundamental nowadays. It's essential to have a minimal amount of respect for the person you're making love with. Another good reason is that it slows down ejaculation... And that's really good for the girls!"

SEX IS DEMOCRATIC

Nina is right. And that's why she's made an example of it, producing, directing and presenting sexual education videos to teach people how to enjoy themselves safely. A few titles: *Group Sex 4: Bottoms Up*, *Guide to Double Penetration*, *Guide to Masturbation*, *Guide to Multiple Orgasms* and *Guide to Spanking*, all made in 2004. And that's why sex is, more than anything, a question of democracy. "I love oral sex while two people are fucking," Miss Hartley tells me while I blush. "I go crazy when I suck on a woman's pussy while a man has his cock in her. I enjoy lending a hand to those who enjoy themselves in bed. I love three-ways and I'm always ready for a couple's suggestions. If they want anal sex, I do it; if they want a good blowjob, I'll do that too. I'm a Good Samaritan of sex." Like I say: a leopard can't change its spots.

NINA XXX

Basic filmography of Nina Hartley. Caution: highly flammable material.

1984

Educating Nina (Juliet Anderson)

1985

Xstasy (Lawrence T. Cole)

Shaved Bunnies (Charles De Santos)



1986

Sex Life of a Porn Star (Bob Vosse)

Play Me Again Vanessa (Tim McDonald)

Beyond Desire (Tim McDonald)

1987

Lady by Night (Henri Pachard)

Ginger Snaps (Raven Touchstone)

1991

Manbait (Gerard Damiano)

1995

Pussyman 11: Prime Cuts

(David Christopher)

Sorority Sex Kittens 3 (Jim Holliday)

1997

Anal Perversions of Lolita (Joe D'Amato)

1998

Asswoman in Wonderland (Tiffany Myrnx)

2000

Extremely Yours, ass Woman (Tim Byron)

2003

Naked Hollywood 16: Brains or Beauty

(Toni English)

2005

Bomb Ass White Booty 2 (Terry B.)

Jenna Loves Pain (Ernest Greene)



THE RULES OF GOOD TASTE AND DECORUM MAKE US START HERE



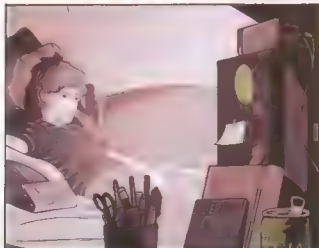
BUT ACTUALLY THIS STORY BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO



AND NOW THE APPRENTICE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS



THE APPRENTICE KNOWS THAT HE'S SURROUNDED BY VARIETY AND ABUNDANCE



THE BAD NEWS IS THAT SO MUCH ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY IS USELESS.

BETWEEN HIM AND WHAT HE WANTS THERE'S A TRANSPARENT MEMBRANE IMPERMEABLE AND REAL





FINALLY THE DAY COMES THE PRESSURE FROM HIS BUDDIES



AND THE FERMENTED HOPS



WORK THE MIRACLE OF LIFE



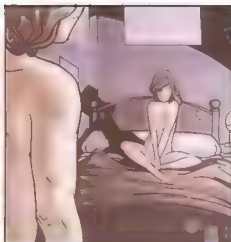
WELCOME APPRENTICE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEMBRANE





NBODY
WILL BE HOME
TONIGHT

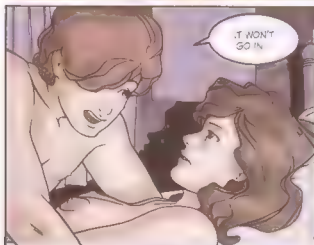
THE APPRENTICE COVERS UNKNOWN
TERRITORY



AROUND EVERY CORNER & THE ROAD...



THERE'S ANOTHER FASCINATING
SURPRISE.



IT WON'T
GO IN.

AND A CHALLENGE TO OVERCOME



LET ME DO IT

NEVER ENDED AND CLUMSY HE'S ONLY GOT ONE
WEAPON



AHh!

HIS INSATIABLE DESIRE TO LEARN.



PRETTY FAST
WASN'T IT?

HE SOON FINDS OUT IT'S A DOUBLE-EDGED
WEAPON.

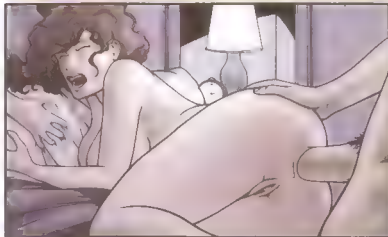


HE BEGINS GAINING EXPERIENCE. SOMETIME'S IT'S GREAT



IT'S NOT YOU

OTHERS NOT SO MUCH



GETTING UP HIS COURAGE



I'M DUNNO
CONFUSED

HE KEEPS TRIPPING OVER THE SAME STONE.



Ahh!

AND... HE LEARNS.



IT'S NOT YOU,
IT'S ME
I'M CONFUSED



THE MORE THE APPRENTICE
LEARNS...



THE MORE ENORMOUS
TURBULENCE AND
INCOMPREHENSIBLE
KNOWLEDGE SEEMS



HEROIC FAR FROM BEING
OVERWHELMED



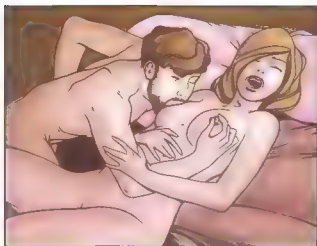
HE DIVES INTO THE EYE
OF THE HURRICANE



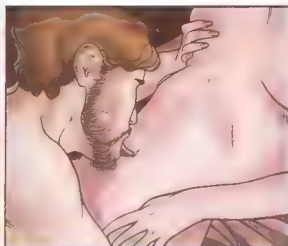
HE BEEN
THINKING



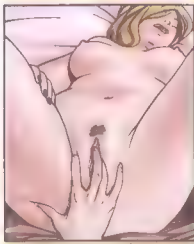
WANT US TO
BE TOGETHER



NOW THE APPRENTICE REALIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF DETAILS.



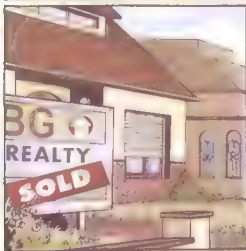
AND OF GOOD PACING.



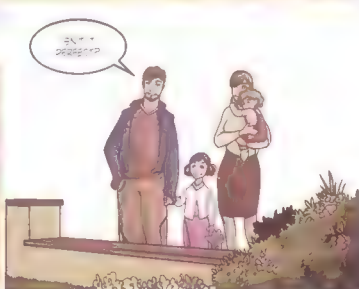
DEEPLY INVESTIGATING HIS PARTICULAR CASE



HE ADVANCES AND GETS RESULTS!

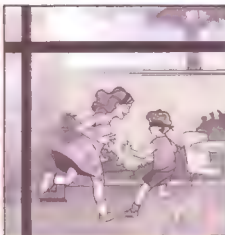


NOW NOTHING SCARES HIM NOT EVEN THE BIGGEST DECISIONS





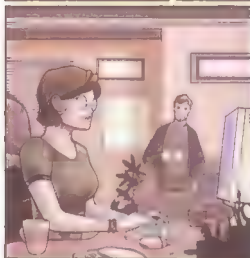
THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF TIME



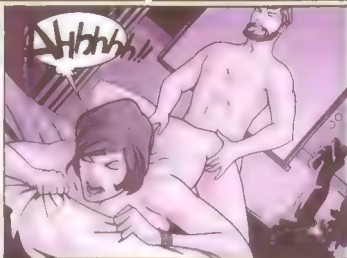
DRAW THE APPRENTICE TOWARD OTHER FIELDS OF KNOWLEDGE



HOWEVER HIS PARTICULAR CASE SEEMS PLAYED OUT



OR IS HE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN PLAYED OUT?



BUT AT LAST HE REALIZES HE KNOWS MORE THAN ENOUGH



AND NOW HE WANTS TO LEARN OTHER THINGS

THE END

CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE
CONSEQUENCE

ELSA,
LOOK, TAKE A
PHOTO!

DON'T BE STUPID
HERE, COMES THE
MONITOR!

REMEMBER
WE'RE HERE
FOR WORK!

SO, WHOEVER
CAN GET A PHOTO OF AN
ALBINO WOODCOCK WINS
THE PRIZE

REMEMBER THAT IT'S
A SPECIES IN GRAVE DANGER
OF EXTINCTION, SO BE
VERY CAREFUL

DO ANYTHING
YOU HAVE TO, BUT
GET THAT SHOT!

PREPARE
YOUR DIGITAL
CAMERAS AND
GO FOR IT!

WHERE'RE
YOU GOING?

I SAW ONE
OF THOSE WOODCOCKS
OVER BY THAT 'SE
INSTRUCTOR

I GOTTA TAKE
A LOOK

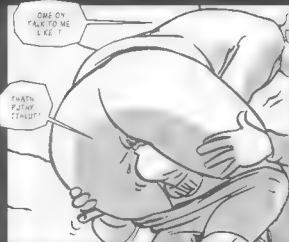
SO, A DON'T
MAKE ME KILL
YOU!

CHILL OUT

TO BE MORE PRECISE
HE'S IN HIS PANTS



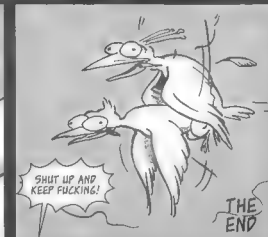






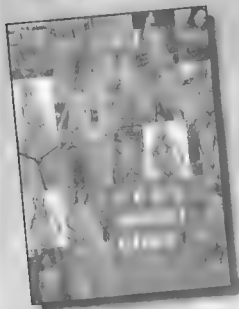


4 MINUTES LATER



Under the counter

Ruben Lardin



BIKINI REVOLUTION

When, in 1946, Louis Réard presented his bathing suit made of four triangular pieces of newspaper printed with articles about the American nuclear tests in the Bikini atoll, I don't think he imagined the global nature of the ethic revolution his creation would bring about. The French designer looked for a model willing to shed her clothing and at last hired a dancer, Micheline Bernardini, who used to perform nude in the *Casino de Paris*. The media grabbed hold of the story and things have never been the same since. It hasn't been as difficult for Mathias Angelov, for a long time, to get people to look down to pose, but he did have a hard time finding sexy bikinis when, a few years ago, he was commissioned for a calendar about them. It was so difficult, in fact, that he took charge of the matter and made his own, erotically designed bikinis, provocative and minimal, that wound up becoming the Nixxe collection of bikinis and hot pants. This first volume of **SEXY BIKINI GIRLS** is sort of a catalog for that brand. A truly luxurious catalog. More than a hundred full-page photographs, where a ton of pretty, daring girls are dressed in crisp or seductive, transparent, thin, transparent mesh, filmy stuff, and above all, provocative. These bikinis, in fact, are a new concept: beauty and seduction. The best thing about Angelov's designs is that they negate nudity and shine as examples to the fact that a "clothed" body is always more enticing than a nude one. But Angelov is also a perv, and isn't about to lose sight of anything. The smallest bits, but will be more chaste than any of the Nixxe bikinis, which although defending vulgarity and precisely because of that, are very far from the sterile *Sports Illustrated* bikini spreads, for example. Fashion is a form of tyranny that in part dictates how bodies should be and ideals of beauty, a commercial thing that winds up changing bodies. As such, the best option is to reinvent it constantly. Laugh at it, and bring it to our own turf. Because beauty is on the outside, it always has been. A fantastic book to treat yourself to in the summer time and stay with forever.

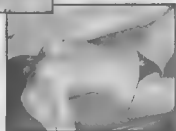
SEXY BIKINI GIRLS 1

Mathias Angelov

Edition Reuss

39.90€ in import bookstores or at <http://www.editionreuss.de/>

More information on the bikinis at: <http://www.nixxe.com>



ELECTRIC DREAMS

Flickrdreams doesn't keep the secret of getting about selecting the most provocative, sexiest, most interesting serviceable photos among the thousands and thousands that are uploaded daily on Flickr, a platform with visitors from all over the world – professionals, amateur photographers, and simply city dwellers with keen trigger fingers – who use it as an album to post the images they capture in their everyday lives. Flickr dreams don't become what everything that appears on Flickr, of course, but it doesn't want to either. What interests those running the blog is compiling Californian tits, shots of details with a certain artistic bent (that is, in black and white), and stereotypical bodies from the advertising canon. That's the primary idea, but something from left field plays surfaces. The great thing about it isn't the photos posted on it, but instead, the direct links to the photos' original place. A Flickr page that could belong to a collector of everything they come across on the Internet or someone with exhibitionistic desires. From there on, navigating can run right off the tracks, but that's just what the Internet is, a bottomless pit where we always hope that the next click will uncover the door to a better, more beautiful and more exciting world. With God's good graces.

<http://www.flickrdreams.com>

Brainstorming

A guy starts masturbating on a bed. In his mind, a continuous chain of images flash by, submerging him in his memories. Yeah, like the one of the woman he lived with for a while, who sucked his cock while she sat on the toilet, pissing or shitting, and he, standing there, with his eyes shut like now, pushed aside the cups of her bra and fondled her small, round nipples. His cock starts getting hard and his mind plays out the scene with a Venezuelan whore, a mulatto, lanky, with green eyes and a round ass, who he hired every fifteen days because, among other reasons, she would crawl around on all fours through the park while he put his tongue in her ass and squeezed her round, full tits, driving her crazy. His cock rises and two hookers, Dominicans this time, one white and the other black, erupt into his memory. After more than two years, he again sees how the black one takes a dildo out of her purse, briefly fingers the white one's pussy, and then eases the dildo in while the white girl slowly begins sucking his dick. In synch with the rhythm of the blow job, the dildo moves furiously inside her pussy, going in and coming out like a piston. The black girl greedily licks the white girl's ass cheeks and smacks them with the palm of her hand. The white girl moans while he holds her by the back of her neck and plunges his cock into her mouth. As his hand accelerates, his mind manipulates and twists the scene with a waitress who, one night, was determined to show him the book *Sex* by Madonna in a metaphoric sense that he misinterpreted, and with whom he had never, up to that moment, had sex. He thinks about her in the women's restroom at the bar, inviting her to do some speed and rubbing her ass while she snorts the line. He sees kissing her neck and earlobes. He sees her squeezing his cock in her pussy while he caresses her small breasts, sucking and nibbling her thin lips and, masturbating on the bed at his house, his mind recreates the color and texture of her bra while she stocked the frigates at the bar. Then he substitutes this image for the one of the forty-something woman who, in the same bathroom of the same bar, invited him to do some coke and gave him a fast, mechanical blow job. Nothing exciting. Not then and not now, as he notices his cock getting soft and quickly changes to the scene with the Omani girl, also a waitress, who, in bed at her house one far away night, put her finger, wrapped in a mint flavored condom in his ass while she juiced up his cock with saliva and jerked him off, then later, with that same finger, pointed to her shaved pussy. Demanding that he eat it. And him there, rolling his tongue around

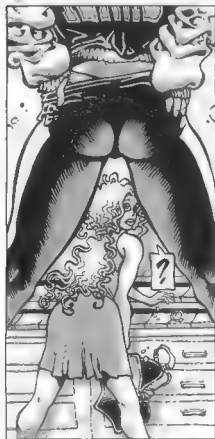
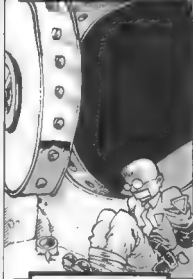
inside her, mixing her juices with his saliva—he could almost smell her when he felt his cock spurring. He lay still, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling of the room. He let himself drift away for a few moments by the exciting absence of thoughts before taking up the task again, at slow intervals, running his finger up and down his cock, in no hurry, while another image from the past crept into his mind: the bouncy breasts and pale little nipples of a woman he met at an after party and wound up seeing again in the bed of that apartment in that bedroom town. His hand massaging her pussy. Her thick lips, in red lipstick, kissing the head of his dick. Then, inside her mouth, with her round, long tongue running up and down it while she massaged her tits and pulled on her nipples, and cupped his balls, wrapping her hand around them, caressing them, kissing them. After that, she licked his asshole, a dark, sticky kiss with a violent tongue. He feels the veins in his cock swell as he sees her lying there, with her elbows on the bed, her face against the pillow, and her ass pointed up toward him. And him behind, guiding his cock to the opening of her pussy, entering easily, pushing into that round, dripping, hot hole that absorbed him, and fucking it hard. From the same depths, he pulled out the fetishistic scene with the androgynous girl. Her body tattooed with nihilistic quotes. *Society enslaves us. There is no future. Hate is beauty. Fuck me although you disgust me.* He sees her handcuffed to the rails of her bed, sees how with each thrust her hands tremble and her face contracts. She whips back and forth. Her body is a thrashing mass. She grunts with excitement. She tightens her pussy and her pussy shakes, throbs, melts around his cock. She wraps her thighs around his waist and two intense, electric orgasms take her. She screams, she bites him. And he's about to come. The last flashback in this all-you-can-eat sex bar: the scene from *The Hour of Shadows* where Peter Weller's with two Asian prostitutes smoking opium. He tries to imagine them in his bed at this exact moment, but his thoughts scatter. They dissolve in his enormous miscellany of pornography, and then pile up, one image after another, until they melt like a big splash of mercury. He comes in waves of fantasy and everything disappears while a shiver brings him back to his solitude. The emptiness lives in his mind and embalms his memory. He only notices a cold place in his bed.

Then he closes his eyes, which he finds is easier than thinking about how the woman he really likes is fucking someone else tonight.

AGNES AND I HAD SPENT TWO WEEKS TOGETHER, SO I DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO COMMIT HER FIRST CRIME. NOTHING TOO DIFFICULT, OF COURSE.

WE SEDUCED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND WENT INTO A LITTLE JEWELRY STORE THAT HAD A SAFE FULL OF DIAMONDS.

THE WORK WAS ALMOST DONE WHEN I GOT THE INCREDIBLE URGE TO TEST MY COMPANION. FUCK, SOMETIMES I SURPRISE MYSELF.



THE FIANCÉE AND THE THIEF

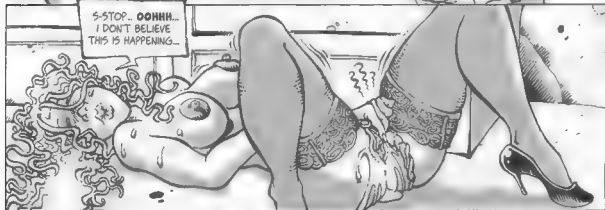
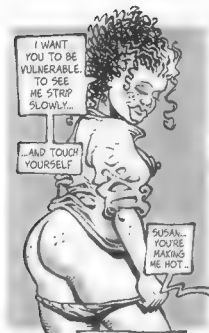


LOOK AT ME. LOOK AT MY BODY.

BUT...SUSAN! ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

FOR YOU TO MASTURBATE.









UUHH!
WHAT A
COCK! MMMH...
DON'T STOP!
HARDER!



OOHH....!
YEAH BABY,
AAHHH!

GO ON, OOOHH!
DON'T STOP,
ASSHOLE! FUCK
ME TILL I BREAK!
UUHH! OOOHH!



COME ON,
MOVE!
YEEAAH!

OOHH!

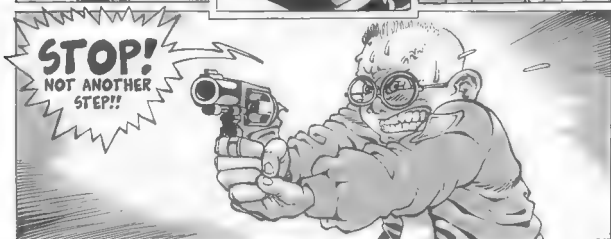
GOOD,
SUSAN, KEEP
ON. THAT'S
IT!

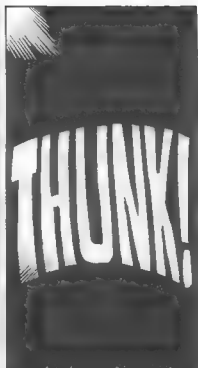


COME ON,
BASTARD!
FASTER! I
WANNA COME!
AAAAHH?!



AAAAH!
YES! ALL THE
WAY!







THE FIANCÉE AND THE THIEF

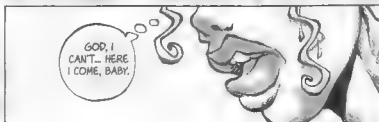
STORY: RAKEL



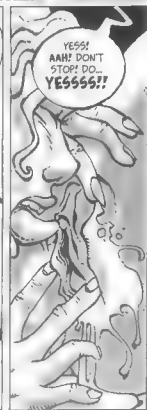
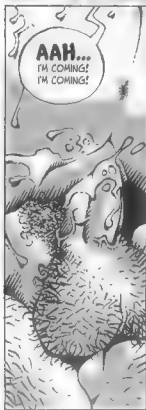
DRAWINGS: SERGIO







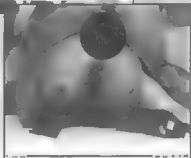
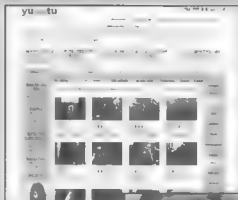
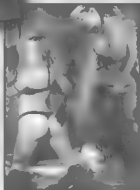






Under the counter

(continued from page 25)



BIZZARE ADVENTURES

Fred Berger (1957) got into photography at an early age, through the world of haute couture that his mother frequented as a model. He spent his childhood traveling the world, and then went on to study photography, design, and journalism from the University of New York City, where he created *Propaganda* magazine devoted to the underground, which today is remembered worldwide as "the counterculture *Vogue*." Since the end of its publication in 2002, Berger has dedicated all his time to erotic styling and fetish photography. His work has enriched the pages of popular titles, such as *Lure*, and cult ones such as *Marquis* and *SM Snap*. Today he is a revered name in both worlds. *Pulp Fetish*, far from an anthology or catalog, is a book with very specific intentions that cites John Willie, The Bettie Page of Irving Klaw, and the whole tradition of pin-ups inhabiting callendars and cheap comic books, and providing warm food for thought. All of it very ingenious in form but very perverse at heart. With a campy look and omnipresent sense of humor, Berger sets the scene with the eroticism of uniforms and the light comedy of domination. Whips in the air, military paraphernalia, riding crops, high boots, police, pirates, cowboys and Indians, Japanese girls in trouble and lots of class-related flotsam and jetsam. Clothbound and published by Goliath books, almost 180 pages of infantile joy and healthy eroticism.

Fred Berger
Illustrated book

29.90€ at import bookstores or at www.goliathbooks.com

NEITHER

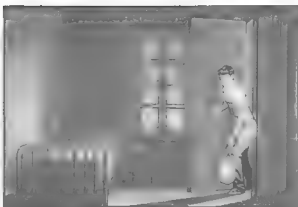
YouTube NOR Yuvutu

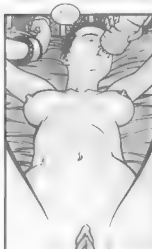
YouTube and similar sites are one of the most important revolutions occurring on the so-called Web 2.0. Now, with the television widely known all our lives rendered an obsolete format, everyone's choosing the garbage they want to swallow and you can even, get this, opt for quality content. The only problem is that the business of authors' rights complicates the possibility of seeing certain content, although everything is going along fine and active web surfers do their own thing. This subject will soon resolve itself. What will never change is the self-imposed censorship, that holds open pornography at bay and puts it where it's always been and always should be: on the fringe. Yuvutu is one of those fringe efforts, a distribution service of small-format videos, identical to YouTube but specialized in homemade videos for adults. It's the same: you search, you click and you watch. And there's no registering for a free account to upload your own videos. There's a filter for the user to choose a preference for soft, explicit, "extreme" material, and different channels that differentiate between heterosexual, gay or lesbian. It allows comments, offers chat, a forum and different search categories. The usual. There are some who upload their favorite videos with no sense of whether they're their own production or not, but in whatever web site is around, but the system of "etiquette" allows you to find as much authentic amateur material as you want. I don't know how many videos go up on the site every day, but it's a lot. If you're looking for the sites similar to Yuvutu we've seen up to now, this is the best alternative and the best source of satisfying content for adults. It's not just a fringe effort.

<http://www.yuvutu.com>

Nerea

By: Brian & Val









"WANT
YOU TO PUT
IN MY PU"



"JUST
IN TIME
LIKE THE
MAY/16"

"MACHO
KESS Y U
KESSED OUR
MOTHER
SUPERIOR"



"WE'RE
GONNA
KILL
YOU"

"OH,
SO SCARY
SIR"

"CALM
DOWN THE
BREATHING
SHI DAB!"



"COME
ON LET OUR
FRIEND GO IT
ANY"

"HOW DUMB
YOU TAKE
YOUR ASS
FOR A DUMB
AND DUMB
AND DUMB"



"MAY GET
A BITTACUT
NOT A CUT"

"YES ACH
WHENEVER
I WANT
MAY"



"AND
HOWEVER
RECORD
Y"

"I'M
A GONNA
TALK
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN
Y MIA
Y MIA"

"WON'T THE
ANYMORE FOR
THE SAT THEY
PUT IN YOU"



"SOMETHING-
YOU'RE A
HYPERMAN
BY NATURE"

"BUT SOME
OF THE UTERINE
FEVER IS
FROM THE
RELAXANTS"



"THESE
DART REIN
TABS HAVE
VERY HIGH
PAIN KILLER
EFFECTS"

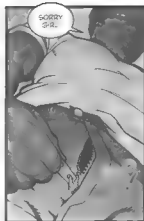


"HELL NO
FRANKY"

"THERE
ARE STILL A FEW
-TUBES BEFORE THE
PAIN-KILLERS
EFFECTS"

"RIGHT
LIVED?"

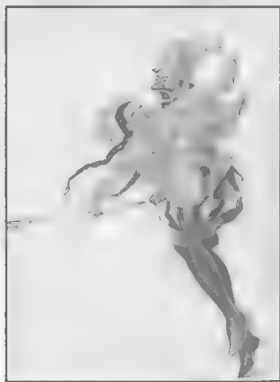
"I DON'T
GET? WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?"

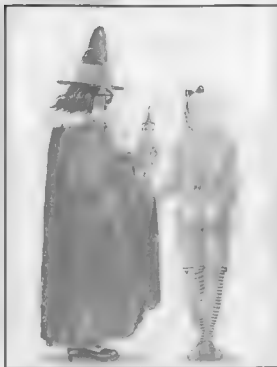
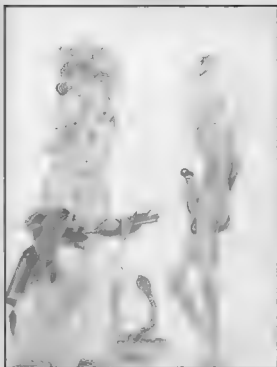


The erotic art of... Gigi Amaldi (VI)

An immigrant of Italian origin, Amaldi traveled over the regions of Argentina offering to depict the portraits of all those who could afford them. Of course, the illustrations of the important people in those small villages were not done merely to keep him fed. What really fascinated our artist was this collection, which he baptized *The True History of Humanity*. The title alone manifests the artist's biting sense of humor, since even then he knew that sex is one of the main motors of our civilization and all those that have gone before it. This said, in silent homage, we take off our hat once again to his masterly brush...







Contacts

by Ferocius

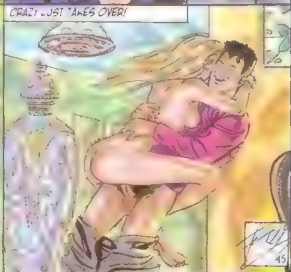
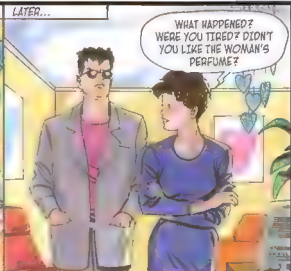
Happy Introductions Ltd. is (apparently) a matrimonial agency where singles go to find their ideal mate. But, in reality, this facade hides a dirty business: the *ideal companions* the agency offers those seeking romance are actually prostitutes and gigolos, who, after satisfying the sexual urges of the clients, vanish without a trace.

Clarence Rain is one of those gigolos. In the beginning he even flirted with Betty, his boss, but now that things have cooled down he finds himself trapped in her game and can't return to Jane Sedwick, one of the clients he seems to have fallen in love with. Betty is inflexible and in our last episode she sends him out to attend to a new victim: Rutlane, a rich young woman looking for someone from her same social class, regardless of his looks. Rain has to pass himself off as a millionaire (with a rented Mercedes), and right at this moment, he's on his way to the meeting....



THE UNSATISFIED CLIENT ARRIVES FIRST WITH THE STORY...

LATER...



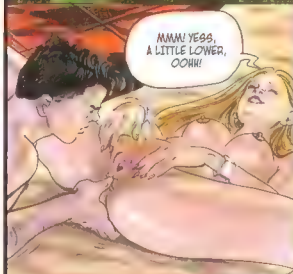


OH
CLARENCE,
YOU'RE
FANTASTIC.

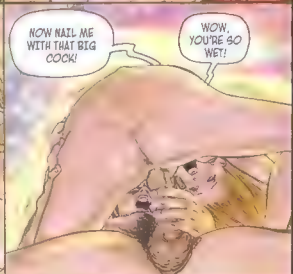
OH, RAILANE,
IT'S HEAVEN TO BE
WITH YOU!



THAT'S IT, PLAY WITH MY
LITTLE HOLES, HONEY...



MAAA YESS,
A LITTLE LOWER,
OOH!!



NOW NAIL ME
WITH THAT BIG
COCK!

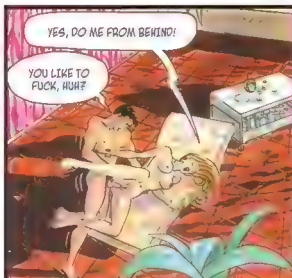
WOW,
YOU'RE SO
WET!



I'M ALL
YOURS, FUCK
ME!



OH, BABY, HOW
GOOD IT IS.
PUSH IT IN
DEEP!



YES, DO ME FROM BEHIND!

YOU LIKE TO
FUCK, HUH?

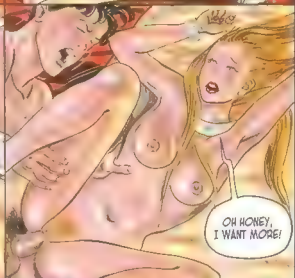


IT'S ALL
YOURS BABY,
HARD AND HOT!

OH RAIN,
IT FEELS SO GOOD!
YES, YEGGS!



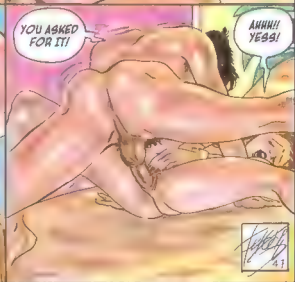
OH, OH,
I'M CUMMING!
I'M CUMMING!



OH HONEY,
I WANT MORE!



NOW COME ON
TOP AND CRUSH ME!



YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

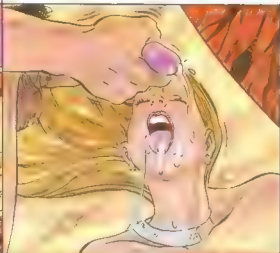
AHHH!!
YEGGS!



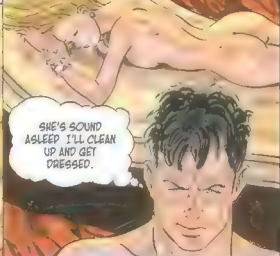
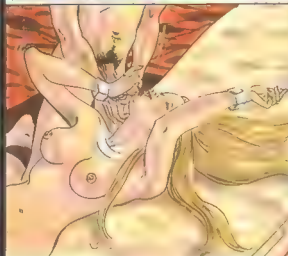
RAILANE HAS ANOTHER INCREDIBLE ORGASM.



SHE HAPPILY RECEIVES A CUM SHOWER...

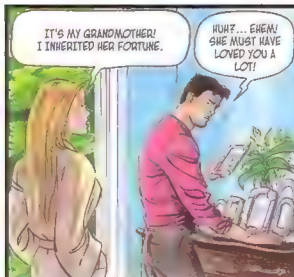


AND ENDS JP ALL PLAYED OUT



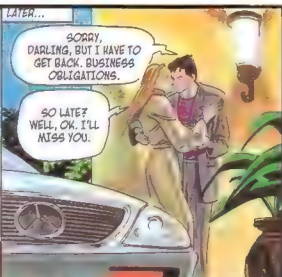
CLARENCE IS INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING ABOUT RAILANE, SO HE STARTS CHECKING AROUND...





IT'S MY GRANDMOTHER!
I INHERITED HER FORTUNE.

HUH? ... EHEH!
SHE MUST HAVE
LOVED YOU A
LOT!



LATER...

SORRY,
DARLING, BUT I HAVE TO
GET BACK. BUSINESS
OBLIGATIONS.

SO LATE?
WELL, OK. I'LL
MISS YOU.

AS SOON AS HE LEAVES, RAILANE RUNS TO THE GARAGE



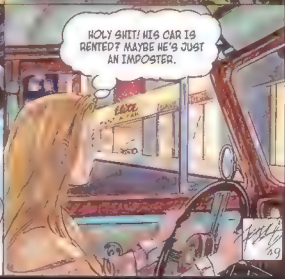
I'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE
OLD ROLLS SO HE DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE ME.



HE'S SO
MYSTERIOUS...!



IF I DON'T GET THE
MERCEDES BACK BY
7 P.M., I'LL HAVE TO PAY A
WHOLE OTHER DAY.



HOLY SHIT! HIS CAR IS
RENTED? MAYBE HE'S JUST
AN IMPOSTER.



I KNOW A PRIVATE DETECTIVE
I'LL HAVE HIM CHECK RAIN OUT.
I'LL PAY IN ADVANCE



RAILANE GETS THE DETECTIVE ON CLARENCE AND IN
THREE DAYS SHE HAS THE ANSWER.

YES, THE MERCEDES WAS RENTED.
MR. RAIN DOESN'T HAVE MANY ASSETS. HE HAS A
SMALL BANK BALANCE, BUT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE
A JOB AND DOESN'T PAY TAXES.

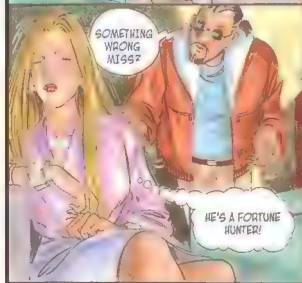


I FOUND OUT ONE FUNNY
THING UP TO A YEAR AGO HE
WAS AN INTERNATIONALLY
FAMOUS EROTIC COMICS
ILLUSTRATOR

EROTIC
COMICS?



YES, AND HE'S THE GRANDSON OF JIM BOW,
ONE OF THE OLD GLORIES OF ROMANTIC
COMICS. MAYBE HIS FAMILY IS RICH AND HE'LL
INHERIT A FORTUNE IN THE FUTURE.



SOMETHING
WRONG
MISS?

HE'S A FORTUNE
HUNTER!



OR IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HIS
CAPITAL IS IN A FOREIGN
BANK TO AVOID TAXES.

THANKS!

LATER, IN HAPPY INTRODUCTIONS, INC....

I ASK YOU FOR A MILLIONAIRE
AND YOU INTRODUCE ME TO A
GOLD DIGGER, AND TO TOP IT OFF
YOU CHARGE A FORTUNE. WHAT IS
THIS, SOME KIND OF SCAM?

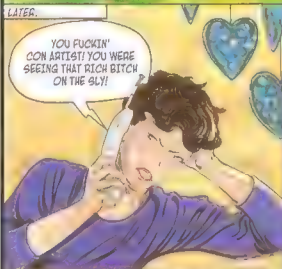


NOW, CALM DOWN MISS
RAILANE! MR. RAIN SEEMS TO
HAVE FOOLED US ALL WITH
FALSE DOCUMENTATION. I'LL
RETURN YOUR MONEY AND WE'LL
FORGET ALL ABOUT IT,
ALRIGHT?



LATER.

YOU FUCKIN'
CON ARTIST! YOU WERE
SEEING THAT RICH BITCH
ON THE SLY!



DO YOU WANT
ME TO CASH THAT
200-THOUSAND-
DOLLAR CHECK?

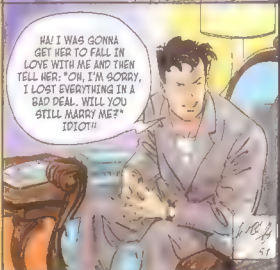
WAIT, LET ME
EXPLAIN!



THERE'S NOTHING
TO EXPLAIN. YOU'RE
IN MY HANDS AND YOU
HAVE TO DO WHAT I
SAY, UNDERSTAND?!



HA! I WAS GONNA
GET HER TO FALL IN
LOVE WITH ME AND THEN
TELL HER: "OH, I'M SORRY,
I LOST EVERYTHING IN A
BAD DEAL. WILL YOU
STILL MARRY ME?"
IDIOT!!



THE NEXT DAY...
BACK TO WORK!!

HERE, THIS IS
PROSTAGLANDIN SPRAY IN CASE
YOU CAN'T GET IT UP. I'LL TAKE IT
OUT OF YOUR PERCENTAGE,
IT'S REALLY EXPENSIVE.

YOU WERE A COMICS
ILLUSTRATOR RIGHT? WELL, THIS CHICK
IS INTO ART AND YOU MUST KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

TAKE HER TO THE FRANK
STELLA EXHIBITION. THIS IS THE
REVIEW FROM THE NEW YORK
TIMES. MEMORIZE IT AND ACT
LIKE YOU HAVE SOME CULTURE,
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY FOR A DAY,
UNDERSTAND?

LATER...

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT STELLA IS THE
GEOMETRIC QUALITY OF HIS WORKS, AND
HIS THICK, PASTY TECHNIQUE. THERE'S
SOMETHING OF JASPER JOHNS IN IT.
DON'T YOU THINK?

I'M
ASTOUNDED!
THIS IS
MY MAN!

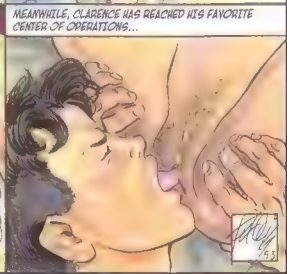
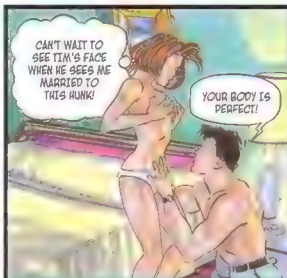
"I KNEW IT FROM THE
FIRST MOMENT I
SAW YOU"

ME TOO!

FUCK! I HAVE
TO FIND
SOME NEW
LINES.

THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE ROOM STARTS TO HEAT UP AND
CLARENCE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN RAILANE.

UHH! I THINK
I WON'T NEED
THE SPRAY.





THIS GUY COMES ON LIKE A PROFESSIONAL, BUT THE AGENCY IS SUPPOSED TO BE RELIABLE.



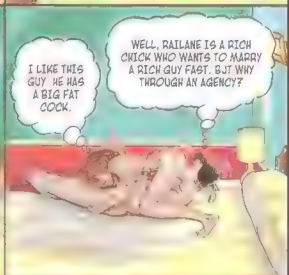
THIS JOB IS LIKE WORKING IN PORN MOVIES - A STRANGE WOMAN, FUCKING, OVERACTING, AND THEN THE PAY-OFF.

WOW! THIS GUY SURE KNOWS HOW TO LICK PUSSY!



THERE MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THIS ATTRACTIVE CHICK IS DOING THIS

I WISH THAT FUCKING BASTARD COULD SEE ME CHEATING ON HIM!

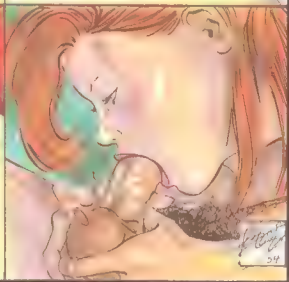


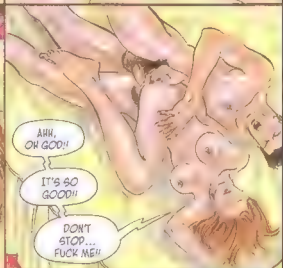
I LIKE THIS GUY HE HAS A BIG FAT COCK.

WELL, RAILANE IS A RICH CHICK WHO WANTS TO MARRY A RICH GUY FAST. BUT WHY THROUGH AN AGENCY?



UHH! SHE'S REALLY GOOD. KNOWS HOW TO SUCK COCK AND WORK MY BALLS.....JUST LIKE A PROFESSIONAL...



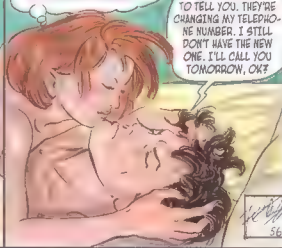




MMDF. OH, CLARENCE! THAT WAS THE WILDEST FUCK OF MY LIFE! WHAT A PERFECT CHOICE! I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! GIVE ME YOUR NUMBER!



I'VE FOUND A HUSBAND.



AH! I WANTED TO TELL YOU. THEY'RE CHANGING MY TELEPHONE NUMBER. I STILL DON'T HAVE THE NEW ONE. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW, OK?

RATLANE...

YA KNOW, THE
GUY WAS REALLY
COOL.

I HAVE A MONTH LEFT TO FIND WHAT
I'M LOOKING FOR. BUT THINKING OF HIM
MAKES ME HORNY AS HELL.

YOU REALLY KNEW HOW TO
DO IT, FUCKER. YOUR COCK
WAS LIKE MY FIVE FINGERS.
YOU KNEW HOW TO JUICE
UP A PUSSY

OUTSIDE THE MANSION

OOF! I COULDN'T
STAY ONE DAY MORE
IN FLORIDA

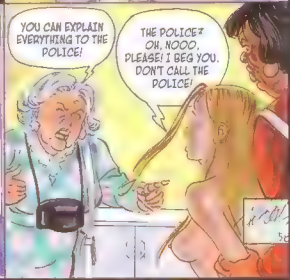
LEAVE US HERE.
I DON'T HAVE THE KEYS
TO THE BIG GATE.

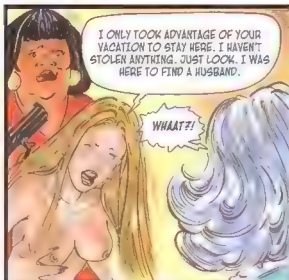
THAT 14-HOUR
TRIP MADE MY
LEGS STIFF.

WHAT'S
BOTHERING YOU IS
VARICOSE VEINS
AND HEMORRHOIDS,
MADAM.

HEY, WHY IS THE
ROLLS-ROYCE OUT?
I'M SURE I LEFT IT IN THE
GARAGE.

57





MEANWHILE...

YEAH, I'M OUTTA THERE!
I'VE DECIDED TO GO BACK TO
YO YO'S BAR, WHERE I CAN BE
MYSELF! UNDERSTAND?

LOOK, IF THIS IS ANOTHER ONE
OF YOUR LITTLE GAMES, DON'T
FORGET I HAVE YOUR CHECK!

YOU CAN SHOVE MY CHECK
UP YOUR ASS. I NEVER
MARRIED ANY OF YOUR
VICTIMS! GOOD-BYE!

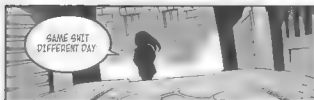
DING
DONG

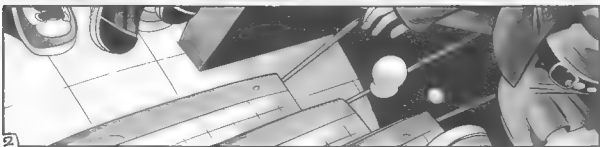
HI, THERE!!

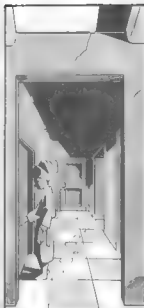
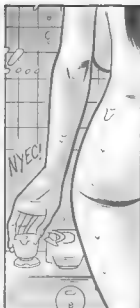
RAILANE, HOW DID YOU FIND ME? IF YOU CAME
TO GIVE ME SHIT OR LAUGH IN MY FACE, YOU CAN
TAKE YOUR MILLIONS SOMEWHERE ELSE... HEY, HOW
DID YOU KNOW THAT I... ?

HEY BABY,
I ONLY CAME
TO SMOKE THE
PEACE PIPE. YOU
DON'T REALIZE IT
YET, BUT YOU AND
I ARE MADE FOR
EACH OTHER...

a NEW LIFE MAN 03 CO-EDS









ALICIA, I'M
WOW! AND I'VE
GOT COMPANY



COME IN
"MIGUEL",
RIGHT?



YES, BUT I DON'T
WANNA BOTHER HER
IF YOU COULD TELL
HER I'M SORRY ABOUT
EARLIER AND ..



HA! I'M SURE YOU
WON'T BOTHER
HER



AND PLUS, I THINK IT'LL MAKE A
BETTER IMPRESSION IF YOU
TELL HER YOURSELF
I'LL BE HERE IF YOU
NEED ME



EXCUSE ME
ALICIA? I



I'M SORRY,
SORRY
I DIDN'T
KNOW

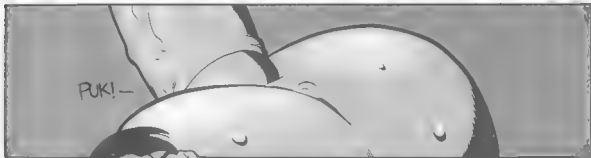
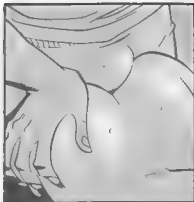


MIGUEL



STUCK MEE

WOW YOU
DON'T GOTTA TELL
ME TWICE





AAAARG!

WHAT A CRAZY
DREAM. I'M GONNA HAVE
TO STOP TAKING THOSE
TRANQUILIZERS



HUH?

SHIT

IT WASN'T A
DREAM, FUCK! WHAT
WILL HE THINK ABOUT
ME NOW? NOW?



WAIT, GIRL,
THAT THING



HA! THAT COCK
CAN'T BE REAL... I'M
STILL DREAMING



WE'LL BETTER
ENJOY IT, THIS WON'T
HAPPEN AGAIN.
SLURP!

6:16 A.M.



OH, TOO BAD THAT NAME REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING YOU ALMOST MADE ME FORGET SORRY, YOU'VE GOTTA GO



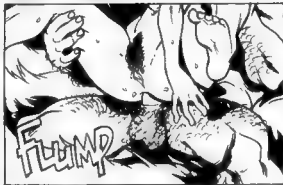




SO THAT'S HOW
IT IS. NOW WATCH!



C. CAREFUL
AAAH OW!



FLUMP



OOH! I'M CUMMIN'
YES, AAAHH!

-RUBEN-



WOW, THAT
WAS GREAT



MY
TURN

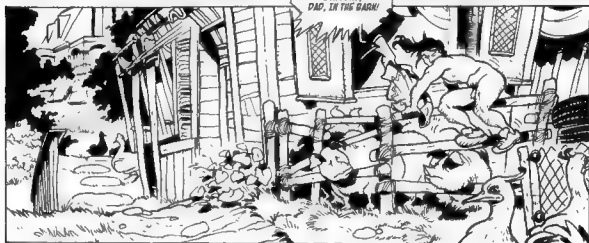


C'MON, IT'S
ALMOST EIGHT. MY
FATHER WILL WAKE
UP SOON

AAHH
I'M TIRED
CAN WE DO IT
LATER?



LISTEN EITHER YOU
MOVE OR I'LL LET THE
DOGS LOOSE
MYSELF









-RUBEN-

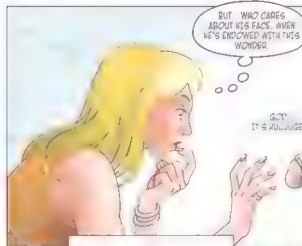
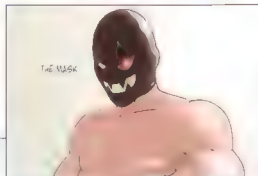
The Disbeliever



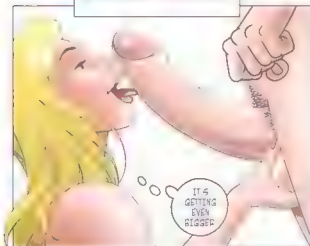




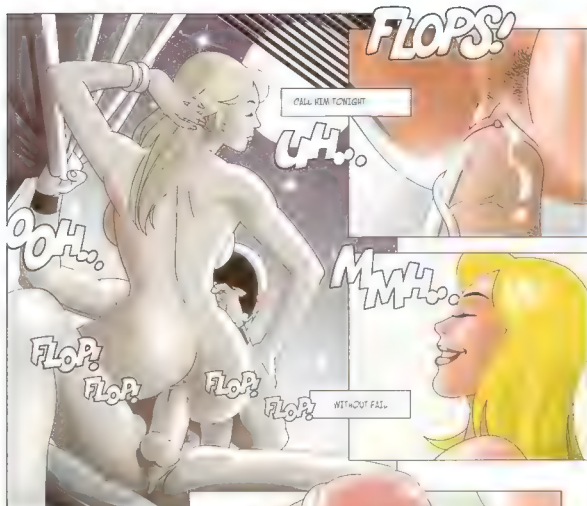
BUT BELIEVE ME, IT'S WORTH IT



THE BTH! IF ONE DAY THE SCHOLARS

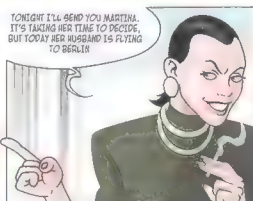
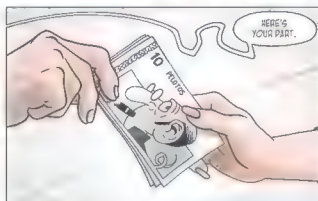
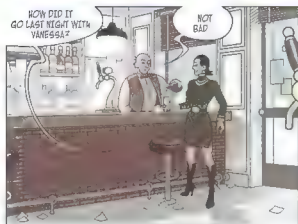






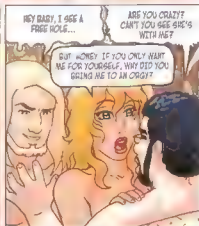
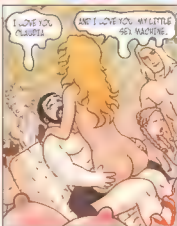
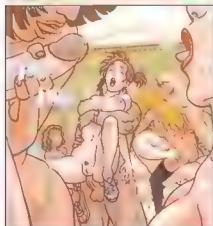
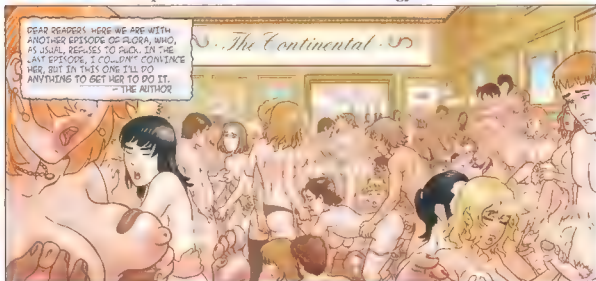
AND TELL ME ABOUT IT
TOMORROW

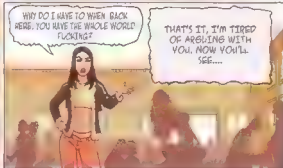
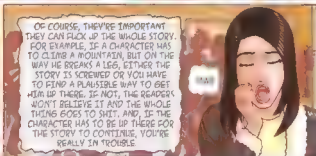
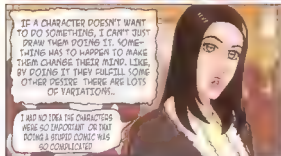
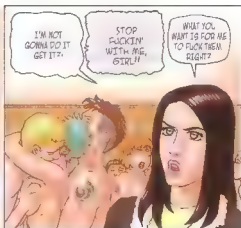
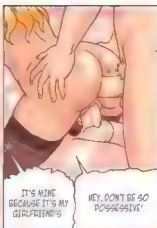
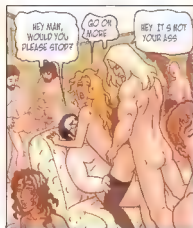




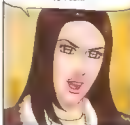
Flora. Once Upon a Time There Was an Orgy

Atilio Gambedotti





DON'T THREATEN ME, DITCHHEAD. YOU SAID I HAD TO CHANGE MY MIND TO FUCK.



EITHER THAT, OR CHANGE SOME FACTORS, OR WHATEVER. IS IT ME OR IS IT GETTING REALLY WARM HERE?



HOW DID I GET HERE? WHAT'VE YOU DONE?

I'VE CHANGED THE EXTERNAL FACTORS: YOU'RE IN THE DESERT. I SUPPOSE WITH ALL THAT HEAT YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING OFF...

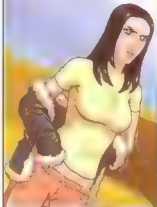


DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, ONLY MY JACKET, SONOVIABITON!



YOU'RE IN MY HANDS

OH YEAH WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'LL ACCOMPLISH ASSHOLE?



SINCE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ORGY, I THOUGHT YOU'D PREFER ANOTHER PLACE.

YOU'RE A REAL SHIT! SO IF I DON'T JOIN THE ORGY YOU LEAVE ME HERE



HELL, NOT NEARLY!

LIKE THIS BETTER?

FUCK!

WHAT IT'S LIKE IS TO STRANGLE YOU ASSHOLE

YOU STAY HERE UNTIL YOU'RE FINISHED GOING BACK TO THE DESERT. HAVE FUN IF YOU DECIDE TO GET TO WORK, LET ME KNOW



HEY WHAT HAPPENED TO MY JACKET?

NOTHING, YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK, AND I DON'T WANT TO DRAW YOUR JACKET



ASSHOLE

SO, IF I DON'T DO WHAT YOU WANT, YOU LEAVE ME HERE TO FREEZE TO DEATH

I PROMISED THE READERS I'D GET YOU TO FUCK. I OWE IT TO MY FANS.

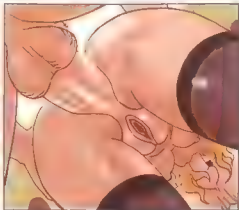
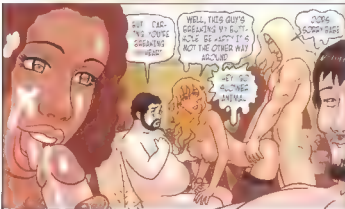


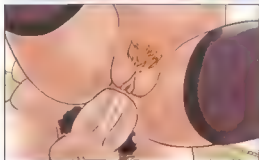
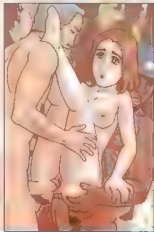
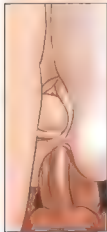
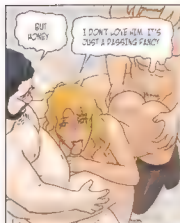
BUT CARING YOU'RE GRABING ME!

WELL, THIS GUY'S GRABING MY BUTT-HOLE BE A BIT! IT'S NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND

HEY GO ALONG WITH ANIMAL

JOKE JOKE







YOU'RE
AT IT AGAIN,
CLAUDIA!

999 JOS A WOMEN...
I ONLY LUFF YOU.
DA RES DON MATTER.

WHAT ABOUT
MY FEELINGS? YOU GO
FOR ANY COOK THAT
COMES ALONG.

HEY, NO
INSULTS.

PIMP
PIMP
PIMP
PIMP



I'M PROUD TO
BE AMONG THE
WORKING CLASS.

SLURP!

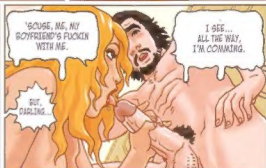


WHAT WOULD
YOU SAY IF I
DID IT WITH
BROTHER GIRL?

NOTHING,
HONEY, IF YOU
SWEAR YOU
LOVE ME...

CONCEN-
TRATE ON
WHAT YOU'RE
DOIN'.

PIMP
PIMP
PIMP



'COUSE, HE, MY
BOYFRIEND'S FUCKIN'
WITH ME.

I SEE...
ALL THE WAY,
I'M COMING.

BUT,
DARLING.



YEAH!



IT'S ALL
YOURS, GIRL!



HOW TASTY
THAT IS!



HOW'S IT GOIN'?







DEAR READERS: PLEASE EXCUSE THIS ENDING. IT WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND. I WANTED TO REFLECT ON THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS IN LIFE: WHERE DO WE GOING GROW? WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHO'LL WIN THE WORLD SERIES? DOES GOD EXIST? IS THERE ENTERTAINMENT LIFE ON EARTH? BUT AS YOU SEE, ROSA SCREENED THE COMIC BECAUSE OF HER WIFE BOO, WHICH IS WHAT THIS EPISODE WAS ABOUT. IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN REFLECT ON THAT, AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK, YOU CAN WATCH "YEE BROTHER" — THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR.

NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED DURING THE CREATION OF THIS COMIC. THE PENGUINS WERE ALIENS IN DISGUISE.

